

River Mirth Quite Sweetly

Raking cane in a lonesome pile
raking cane to its careless end

Raking cane lonesome people
the snake of dawn is eating the curds

River mirth river mirth
your song is a nuisance

They sit on a dream
dangerous as a volcano fire

They rest in your shade
and the babies come like magic

River mirth quite sweetly they say
raking cane in a lonesome pile

The snake done ate
the curds from the geese.

-- Mason Jordan Mason

Threshing

Wheat shocks are forked upward,
Grain tops inward on the rack.
The black dog in the stubble gobbles
After just unsheltered field mice,
As sheaved spiders and snakes take
Their ride towards the roaring separator.

-- M. K. Book